



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Baker Brownell

Round, coiled round on itself,
To lurch pointed bullets true
A thousand yards. Two hours
Testing the severe materiality of steel:
Steel thought, steel calculation,
Severe, absolute in hardness,
Loyal to existence—
It could transcend sense sogginess and flesh.
Two hours the soldier loved his steel,
Its truth, its edge,
Its fearlessness of fact, its bitterness of line,
Its certainty and decision.

PRIVATE RAUSCH

Prisoner in life, Rausch, a private,
Thumped at steel-clad existence
Unavailingly.

Caught in the impassive tank
Of the dull day, firm
With a cool crust of metal
Wrapped around his fluid soul,
Rausch thumped and failed
To break the riveting.

Booze Rausch found one day
At a small bar under Corrine's room,
And soul found vent
In a joyous spout.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Rausch was a gush
Out of a windowless, dull tank;
Soldier life, armor of discipline,
The close tyranny of small events,
Broke, and Rausch, full of booze,
Spouted himself expressively.

Rausch died of tremens one pay-day
While finding his legitimate soul.

THE HURRICANE

The wind soured into night.
Acid of a narrow rain
Pitted the sentries' paces
With spits of cold.

The wind grew in hoarse breaths
With the night's age,
Until the night was wind,
And darkness spouted on the prone earth
From the West's nozzle.

Wind and night, roaring
Like mated beasts,
Pressed huge bodies
On the bulging walls
Of tied Sibley tents.